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THE TIGER

THE CALIFORNIA
SCHOOL OF
MECHANICAL ARTS

VOL. IX No. I

OCTOBER, 1911

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To the
Rugby Foot Ball Team
Fighters for Lick
Against great odds
This Volume is dedicated

The Violinist

CATHERINE BOYLE, '12.

High on the storm-scarred cliff he stood,
Weird and wild in the sunset glow,
Like some old statue carved in wood
By the pagan sculptors of long ago;
The red light played on his upturned face,
Set and stern, 'mid locks of snow,
And mellowed, and warmed it with loving grace,
Till the lines of pain and care and woe
Softened, and gave way to peace.

Then from behind a rose-like cloud,
The sun, a great, bright petal fell
Into the ocean's shimmering shroud,
Tinging with red, each foam-typed swell,
And every wave that he wind swept in,
And from the cliff arose full clear,
The dulcet tones of a violin.
Now pulsing low and faint and slow,
Now growing loud and ringing near.
And he who stood in the sunset glow
Moved and swayed with the melody,
The wildest, sweetest harmony.

Now 'twas a dirge of the dying day
And the sadly, sombre, monotone
Swept to the illimitable worlds that lay
Mystic and wonderful, vast, lone
Out where the mighty golden gates
Of the sunset lands were opened wide.
And then 'twas the runic song of the Fates,
And the ebb and the flow of the tide.

Changed he then to lighter themes
And sang of sweetest spring winds caught
In harps aeolian; harmonies fraught
With pain; the liquid tinkle of limped streams
And the murmuring voice of a child in dreams.
He played of the dawn of Love and Life,
And soared up to the Ambition's height.
He played of Envy, Hate and Strife,
Swept the bow with all his might
Across the strings in harsh discord.

Then in a wailing minor chord,
Low complained of Care and Age;
And playing softly, sought to assuage
His grief in a tender lullaby,
Of which each trembling, quivering note
Seemed into the haze to float,
And lose itself in a long-drawn sigh,
Like the sigh of a child who sinks to sleep,
Or the sigh of a soft wind over the deep,

Slowly dying, the music ceased.
And then the aged player spoke:
"This, my very soul I've given
All my life, to careless folk,
And when, that they would have riven
From me, what I hold most dear,
My 'loved instrument, and I refused,
They bade me go—Thus here,
Where the heathen of old were used
To worship their gods, I stand;
Nevermore shall I grasp the bow,
Nevermore shall I sweep my hand
Across the strings; I know
The end has come. Sorrowfully then
I offer thee, my violin to Destiny,
That god of the inevitable; and when
Into the deep I cast thee
May thy soul find the soul of the sea,
May the music sweep to Eternity!"

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LITERARY

Making Good

PAGE AUSTIN, '12.

Ever since I graduated from high school last June, dad has been crabbing at me for not getting down to work. He seems to think that just because I'm a graduate of a technical high school that I think I'm too good to be a farmer. But that's not the case at all. Dad and I don't agree in farming methods. He wants to do things in the same old way that he always did them and I want to use the newest mechanical methods on the farm. He is a Reactionist and I'm a Progressive in farming methods.

I spent three months in the mechanical drawing department at school, drawing a hydro-electric plant under the same condition that we have on the farm, and it is my ambition to make the thing a reality as soon as I can convince dad that it is an improvement. I spent two days one summer getting measurements of the fall of the water on the creek, and when I went back to school I drew the dam, turbine, generator and everything else necessary to make our farm up to date.

Since I graduated, I have been doing repairing and odd jobs around the place waiting for the grain to be harvested so that dad will have more time to listen to my arguments. I know he'll fall for it as soon as he hears them, because the arguments are a string of figures that show decreased work and increased profits.

It has been hard to endure some of his remarks sometimes. He comes in from the field at noon and at night all hot and tired and cranky and takes it all out of me. He blames me for everything that goes wrong as if I were a hoodoo. I thought I would be able to endure it, but finally the crash came and I knew that it was time for me to make good then and there or quit home.

Yesterday morning dad came in from the field with a look of despair on his face. I asked him what the matter was, and he flared up and started to cuss for all he was worth.

"Matter enough, and if you don't think so you can go out and break the bloody machine some more! The eccentric in the thresher is broken and I can't get another for two weeks, or at the quickest, ten days. By that time the crop will be spoiled, so there is not use in even getting a new one. I've lost the crop for this year, and that's all there is to it. And it's the best crop in four years, too! It's sure to rain within a week. I suppose that engine was made by one of those fool technical high school graduates. No wonder it broke."

I didn't say much, but I made up my mind to show dad that he would get some good out of the four years I had spent at school. I saddled my horse and started to town to get a crucible in which to melt some iron and cast a new eccentric.

If it had been an ordinary town I would have known that there was not a crucible within several hundred miles, but Gansville was blessed with an inventor of the long-whiskered type and I knew that I could borrow a crucible from him.

I got the crucible, which was eight inches high, without any trouble and got back home by noon. I took the eccentric off the crank-shaft and wrapped a strip of paper around the face to hold it together and also to enlarge the diameter to allow room for filing the casting. I made a flash out of two boxes and took a pile of dirt from the garden into the blacksmith shop to make the mold of.

Next I built a circular wall of bricks around the forge fire, put some coal in the bottom and set the crucible, filled with scraps of cast iron, inside. My little brother Fred, who was wanting to go to the same school that I did, was only too glad to blow the bellows for me. While the iron was melting I set to work to make the mold. With the broken eccentric as the pattern, I filled and rammed up the lower half of the mold, turned it over and filled and rammed the upper half. I took off the upper half, drew out the pattern, smoothed the mold with my fingers, "gated" it, replaced the cope or upper part of the mold and it was ready for pouring.

It took quite a while to melt the iron, and I used lots of coal, but finally the iron melted and I picked up the crucible with a pair of tongs and poured the iron into the mold. When the casting was quite cool I broke open the mold and took it out. Then I commenced to file the face of the eccentric smooth and round, the same as the broken one. I could have done it in an hour on the lathe, but there was not a lathe within a hundred miles, so it had to be done by hand. I finished it last night about 11 o'clock. Then I woke up the engineer of the thresher and we went out and took the crank-shaft on and put the eccentric on.

It took a little more filing and fitting to get the eccentric on the shaft, so that we did not finish until 4 o'clock this morning. It did not work as smoothly as the old eccentric, but it will do well enough to finish the harvesting.

At 7 o'clock the engineer blew the whistle and the men piled out of the dining hall and went to work as usual. Dad was so delighted when he saw what I had done that he danced around like a kid. He treats me with some respect now. I know that as soon as the harvest work is over I will begin in electrifying the farm.

"Anona" of the Pines

M. KONETSKY, '14.

It was an ideal situation for a camp—a lake among the mountains, walled in by boundless forests of grizzled old pines. The lake was about half a mile wide, twice as long, and lay in a curve about "Old Ben," the biggest of all surrounding peaks. Down the ravine in the side of the mountain, a bawling stream plunged among the rocks and entered the lake at the north end.

Two tents were pitched at the inlet, one on each side of the rocky ravine. A little pennant fluttering from the peak of one of the tents bore the name "Camp Anona," while on the other was scrawled in charcoal the sign, "Palace Hotel."

Archie Davidson and his chum, Jack Rutherford, were sitting on the rocks in front of Camp Anona cleaning their guns. The sleeves of their gray flannel shirts were rolled up over their strong brown arms, and the whole appearance of their athletic figures showed a long and happy vacation in this sportsman's paradise.

A graceful bark canoe, tied to a stake at the mouth of the stream, rocked gently on the water. She was Archie's pride, and cherished more by him than his rod or his gun, for he had finished her from stern to stem himself. She was a slim, well-bound canoe, speed showing in her every line. She bore upon her stern a small but beautifully carved head of Anona, the Indian maiden, whose pretty neck merged into the bow of the canoe, while her black hair waved upon the gunwales.

At last the sun sank behind the hills, across the lake, relieving the dazzle of the water. Jack and Archie looked up and saw another canoe, containing two boys, appear from behind a turn in the mountain and approach their camp. These boys were Bob Evans and Ralph Dane, the proprietors of the Palace Hotel across the gorge.

As soon as they got in front of Camp Anona, Archie shouted from where he was sitting: "It's you fellows' turn to go for the mail; we went last week."

"Aw, it's nearly dark, and we are too tired; if you want the mail tonight, go yourself," replied Ralph.

"The mail has been there for four days now. School may open Monday, and Uncle may have written us to tell us about it. Today is Friday, and if we have to go home we may as well know it. And say, if you come back late, you need not wake Jack and me as you did last time; just pitch it in our tent and be quiet!" continued Archie.

"Come on, Bob," growled Ralph to his companion, "I suppose we have to go."

The next morning Archie awoke and found a letter at his door. It was addressed to the four boys, and in consequence had already been opened. Archie read as follows:

"To the Four Indians:—You will no doubt be sorry to hear that Monday school will open. Paul came to see us here. He says he is not coming to school this year. He gave us the key to his fine room at Uncle Dave's, and he said whichever two of you get to us first you may have the room this year; but please do not be reckless in that dreadful river. THE GIRLS."

"Get up and out of this!" he shouted; "the Palace Hotel is on its way home already." They got ready in a short time, took all their belongings, jumped into the canoe and were on their way.

'It's just getting monotonous the way those fellows can beat us," grumbled Archie. "They have done it every time for over a week."

"But we have not been half trying lately," replied Jack in a more cheerful tone. "We will show them something on this home stretch. We will beat them home by five miles, even if they did start out an hour ahead of us."

"Kid, if we ever rowed in our life, it's up to us to do it now," said Archie with a grim smile. "I want to tack this pennant in our new room this afternoon. Remember, we are going to beat them home by five miles."

On they sped. Their strokes were long and powerful, their faces set. So the weary morning hours wore away.

It was a quarter of twelve, and they had covered some fifty miles. When upon rounding a shape bend in the river, they came upon the first of the chain of lakes, through which the river ran.

They looked eagerly ahead and saw an old Indian approaching in a canoe. When he came near they asked him if he had seen the other boys. He nodded, and striking the outside of his canoe, about at the water line, grunted, "Brokes," and paddled on.

"They must have hit a rock and torn a leak," said Jack. "It will take them half an hour to fix it, and they will be bothered with the leakage all the way; we'll get the beggars yet!"

After a while they got occasional glimpses of their fugitive bark, but always far, far ahead, and quickly disappearing, in spite of their efforts to keep in sight.

They suddenly found themselves in swirling eddies, where the waters of the small river joined those of the large Salmon river.

Now the boys knew that they were on their homeward stretch, for they could see ahead the network of masts and the yards of the city's water front.

The strokes of Anona's crew were still long and steady, but oh! how their arms and shoulders did ache. Yet slowly but surely they were closing up the gap. They were nearly abreast now, but quite a distance apart.

In the other boat Bob was paddling frantically, while Ralph, in the middle of the canoe with a look of hopeless disgust, was bailing out leakage water with a tin cup.

The boys heard cheers from some people in a carriage on the river drive, but they paid no attention, so desperate was their race.

"Wonder who those people are?" said Jack between his strokes; "must be some people we know, Arch."

"Look, Arch! The other fellows have quit. They are heading toward the carriage. By Jove! it's Ida and Bessie. They have come to meet us. The fellows are going to get the key first! Put about, quick!"

They backed water with all their might, and were turning about, when snap, under the deep bending strokes, went Jack's paddle, and the blade went floating down the river.

"Go ahead, Arch; beat 'em by yourself. I'll be hanged if I'll be a passenger!" and Jack disappeared beneath the river, came up some distance off, and struck out toward the bank.

As the two canoes were racing for shore, the one containing Bob and Ralph ran aground twenty feet from shore, but Ahchie, who was close behind, avoided the shoal by a quick twist of the paddle. Breathless and dizzy, he jumped ashore on the sand and felt a soft hand putting a key into his closed fingers.

Two disgusted, shame-faced young fellows were wading out of the shallow water, carrying a hopelessly rent canoe with them. Hearing a

cherry shout, Archie looked up for Jack; there he came dripping and running from down the road with Ida, who had gone to meet him.

"Jack Rutherford, you poor drowned rat," exclaimed Bessie, as the two approached. "Let's hurry you over to Uncle Dave's and get you some dry clothes to put on. You can have my place in the buggy with Ida, if she can stand such dry company. I am going with Archie in the Anona, to tack his pennant in his new room."

An Sing and the Flower of the Living Death

ISABEL LIGHTBODY, '14.

Far away in one of the innermost provinces of China dwelt a wealthy and proud Mandarin, Ah Sing. Good had the gods been to his ancestors, and good were they to him. Great rice fields, that dipped and bent before the perfumed winds, were his; the poor people who struggled for a few cents a day were his, body and soul, to command and belabor; and last of all the great fields of flowers spreading far into the horizon were his; his special joy and pride, the poppy of China, the Flower of the living death.

Each year the flower blossomed, and each year the opium was gathered and taken to the great Chinese seaport by the agent of an English company. Each year Ah Sing prospered and was made happy by the revenue therefrom.

On the lower swamps of Ah Sing's dominions were located numerous little huts. To these, every evening, in single file, toiled the poor harvesters. Among this numerous throng was not one straight form, not one cheerful heart. Under their large straw hats they resembled hugs poppies withering in the sun; and each day the likeness grew.

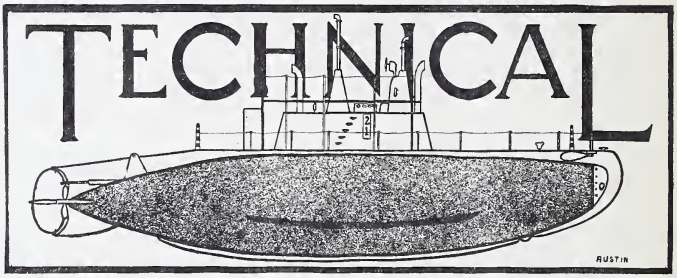
These people were very wretched; but the most unhappy of all was Wing Cho. Older than his brother workers, he was compelled to equal the result of the youngest. Each evening he would come home tired and hungry. After a meager repast of a rice patty and a few greens, he would take from a shelf a pipe, needle, scissors, a tin of opium and all the paraphernalia of a smoker's outfit. Reclining on his straw mat, he would light his pipe. Slowly his eyes would become duller, and at last he would drop off into a heavy sleep; but the painful pangs of hunger were gone from his body.

On September 20th, 1906, the Empress Dowager issued the famous anti-opium edict, which commanded that within ten years the growth, sale and consumption of opium should cease in the empire. This gave Ah Sing until 1916 to become immensely rich. But the gods had willed otherwise. As soon as the edict was issued, officers took charge. They marched upon Ah Sing's fields and destroyed his blooming crop. This meant ruin. Ah Sing became discouraged and "hit" the pipe. Often and more often he smoked, until he was thrown body and soul into the road. He crept off in the darkness of the night, that great cloak of nature, which hides so much, and was never more seen. The flower had claimed its own.

Ah Sing, the owner, was not the only one afflicted by the famous edict. Suspected smokers, also were put to the test. They were put in rooms for three days, with every comfort possible, but without the opium. Wing Cho, the harvester, was put to the test. After thirty-six hours of intolerable suffering, with tears running down his face, he begged the guards for his pipe. He had lost.

Wing Cho was then allowed to smoke, but in one place—under a registered permit pasted on the front of his hut.

He, too, soon died; but it did not take many men to carry his shriveled dried-up body to its last resting place. Opium had extracted all but skin and bones, and had left him a derelict on the great sea of life, a pestilence to man.



Rugby

ELMER LENZEN, '12.

In our colleges and high schools football is, without a doubt, the most popular sport. In the United States our "American Game" is the most popular, while in England and her several possessions Rugby is the favorite. During the last few years, however, Rugby has taken hold on the Pacific Coast. Although it will take a number of years, the game bids fair to press the American game for popularity. In the criticisms of the spectator Rugby is spoken of as "That bloomin' Henglishman's football game." Now Rugby has the distinction of being strictly English in style of play. To call it the English "game" only because they developed it is unjust. Rugby and our own game are but separate developments of the "original" game as invented by the Greeks and Romans. Football was played by them long before the year 1000. Their style of play was very different from the present game. Also their reasons for playing were different; and the conditions under which they played, savage and crude, in comparison to our present game.

When football was introduced in England (about 1175) the game was an annual meeting between two villages. The object of the conflict was to see which side could tie up their opponents in the shortest time. The contestants were the younger men of the villages. There was no limit put on the number of contestants. The contest generally lasted all day, and broken limbs or heads were considered as marks of honor. About 1830 the game by a series of radical changes began to resemble the present game. However, there were still numerous changes to be made. Accordingly, in 1863, the first Rules Committee met and drew up a set of rules. These rules from time to time (when conditions demand) have been cut down or added to.

Years passed. Rugby grew more and more characteristic in its several features of play. Today it has become a game in itself, very different from all other forms of football. When a nation takes up a new game it changes the style of play from that of the country from whence it came. Such is the case with the United States in regard to Rugby. The Americans play a harder and faster game. Consequently rulings have to be made which are entirely unnecessary in England.

The game of Rugby is played by fifteen men on a side. Play is divided into two periods of forty minutes each. The field of play corresponds in size to our own "gridiron." It is a game where quick, unerring handling of the ball, speed and team-work, count for the most.

Without these essentials, no matter how good the individual players may be, there is scant hope of victory. In Rugby the ball is always in motion. There are rules and penalties which govern any breach made by a player. Another distinct feature is the "line-out" and "scrum." To a certain extent the scrum resembles our own "line-up." It differs in that it is differently formed and that both sides have an equal chance for the ball. There is a variety of scrums—2-3-2, 3-2-3, 3-4 and others. It is only by constant practice and observation that one becomes familiar with them all. But the object of all these formations is the same: To "rake" the ball from the "throw-in" back to the "scrum-half," who in turn passes it to a fellow-player. The "line-out" is the other feature. When a ball is kicked or carried outside of the field of play or "in-touch," the place where the line was crossed marks the spot for a "line-out." The "forwards" of both teams line up, facing in an angle to the touch-line. Then the ball is thrown in a straight line between the players. This is done generally by the half-back, although any player may do so. The other men then take positions in the most advantageous formation and act accordingly to signal or to the position of the ball.

On account of the respective positions and their relation to one another in forming a perfect team, is as follows: First come the "forwards" or "pack," as they are commonly called. In the American game, with a 3-2-3 scrum, there are eight of these, and they are what the name implies. They form the advance line, so to speak, and bear the brunt of the attack. Here, a redeeming feature of Rugby is, that it permits every player on the team a chance to score. Often it is a "forward" who scores the winning try. Then come two players called "inside" and "outside," "five-eighths." Their position is right behind the "scrum half" or behind the "forward" line in regular formation. Next comes the three-quarter line. They are sometimes called the "scoring backs," two wings and a center. When a good back gets away from the field you can generally count on a score. Last of all and the sole defender of his goal comes the full-back. He must be versatile. If he fails to get his man, a score results; if he fails to return a kick promptly, he may be "charged down" and an opponent regain possession. If this happens a "try" is inevitable.

The above details the formation of the players in Rugby. The "scrum-half" has not been mentioned in the regular formation. He has no fixed position except in a scrum or line-out. In which case he is always right behind the line or scrum. In the scrum he receives the ball as it comes out and passes to his "five-eighths" or kicks, whatever the occasion may demand.

Much can be written on Rugby, its rules and several features, but it is only by attending or participating in the game itself that you can get a good, clear idea as to what Rugby is.

Gold Dredging in California

A. H. OSGOOD, '13.

The history of gold dredging in California begins in the year 1898, when the first successful bucket elevator dredge was floated at Oroville, Butte county.

The first dredge was very small and was more of an experiment than anything else. After several years of faithful service the boat was dismantled and gave place to the larger and more modern boats.

Various kinds of gold dredgers, such as submarine boats, hydraulic or centrifugal pumps, suction and clam shell, were tried, but proved to be failures.

The large, modern gold dredgers of today cost upward of one hundred thousand dollars and have a digging capacity of five cubic feet for the smallest up to thirteen and a half for the largest bucket, there being about seventy or eighty buckets in the entire bucket line. Each bucket weighs about one and a half tons and is made of three parts: first, a cast steel or bottom; second, a hood or covering, and thirdly, a manganese steel lip which is fastened to the hood of the bucket. The buckets are fastened together with large steel pins; these slip into the end of one bucket and the beginning of another and so on until all the buckets are linked together into an endless chain.

The buckets run over a ladder which is composed of heavy steel plates riveted together into a frame of about forty-five feet long and four feet wide which weighs in the neighborhood of one hundred and forty-four thousand pounds.

The buckets, on reaching the top of the ladder, go over it and down the other side, where the gravel falls into a hopper or is washed into it by streams of water which are placed so that every particle of dirt can be washed out of the buckets. They travel at a very slow rate; not more than twenty empty in a minute.

The gravel now passes into a large revolving screen which is about seven feet in diameter and about thirty-six feet long. It is composed of steel plates bored full of three-eighths-inch holes. The dirt is washed through these holes by water and the rocks slip and slide in the inclined screen until they reach the end where they pass upon a conveyor belt. This belt is about five-eighths of an inch thick and forty-two inches wide. The material which composes it is made up of canvas and rubber glued together. It runs on a lattice-like steel frame which is about one hundred and twenty feet long and extends out in back of the boat where the rocks are stacked twenty to thirty feet high.

The fine dirt and gold, after passing through the holes in the screen, is washed over sluice boxes where it is caught. The boxes or tables, as they are more commonly termed, are cleaned up from time to time, generally every week or fifteen days.

The conveyor belt frame or stacker is held in position by two large timbers or masts called gantrys. These extend up about sixty feet above the dredger and serve a double purpose. They support the stacker by means of cables fastened from the cross-arm of the gantry. The rear gantry, as it is usually termed, also supports the weight of the anchor which is called a 'spud." There are two "spuds" on each dredger, but only one is used at a time. The old style "spuds" were made entirely out of one stick of timber and were all right on small dredgers, but on the large dredgers of today they are made of steel and look very much like the steel girders used in large buildings. When the dredger is working one "spud" is let down into the mud so that the dredger will not slip backward when it is dredging.

There is also a front gantry which is about half as high as the rear gantry. This gantry is used to raise and lower the ladder and bucket line.

The dredgers are pulled from side to side by means of large steel cables which are fastened to hoists.

The hull of these boats is about one hundred and twenty feet long and forty-six feet wide, with a depth of ten feet and a draught of six feet. These dimensions, like all others, vary with the size of the dredger. The timbers

of which these boats are built, are of the very best Oregon pine obtainable. The timbers are fastened together with bolts and spikes. It is then calked like a ship.

The machinery of a dredger is very massive and strong. It is composed mostly of hoists and pumps. The former being used for raising and lowering the ladder and stacker and for controlling the side lines and "spuds."

The latter is used for washing the gold from the gravel and rocks. The weight of the machinery is about one million two hundred and fifty-three thousand and seven hundred pounds. The weight of the hull is about one million one hundred and forty-one thousand and five hundred pounds, making a total weight of two million three hundred and ninety-five thousand two hundred and thirty-six pounds.

Electricity is used as a source of power, and electric motors are used with fine results, as they last for long periods of time, little attention being necessary. From five to eight hundred horse power is used in the operation of these dredgers.

The dredgers are run day and night and are stopped only for oiling purposes and repairs.

How's Business?

"Business is poor," said the beggar.
  Said the undertaker, "It's dead."
"Falling off," said the riding school teacher;
  The druggist, "Oh vial," he said.

"It's all write with me," said the author.
  "Picking up," said the man on the dump.
"My business is sound," quoth the bandman.
  Said the athlete, "I'm kept on the jump."

The bottler declared it was "corking."
  The parson, "It's good," answered he;
"I make both ends meat," said the butcher.
  The tailor replied, "It suits me."

"Business is light," said the match boy.
  Quoth the Judge, "My business is fine."
While the fruit man declared "it was rotten."
  "Looming up," said the kid, "Have a shine." (Ex.)

EDITORIALS

THE TIGER

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JOHN R. BRUCE, '12 ..... Editor
ELLARD L. SLACK, '12 ..... Manager

EDITORIAL STAFF.

Catherine J. Boyle, 12, Associate.
Page Austin, '12, Technical.
Herman Fuchs, '12, Exchanges.
Viola Cahen, '12, School Notes.
Emil P. Schlicktman,'12, School Notes.
Willard W. Beatty, '09(U.C.), Alumni.
Arthur W. Wynne, '11 (S.), Alumni.
Edith F. McLoughlin, '13, Shop Notes.
Ruth Vernon, '13, Shop Notes.
Julien Mathieu, '12, Shop Notes.
Hilda Bettoli, '12, Athletics.
Russel Rogers, '13, Athletics.
Phillip Helfrich, '13, Joshes.
Emil Pilli, '13, Joshes.
Herman Christensen, '12, Photos.
Irene Saywell, '12, Art.
Jay S. Green, '14, Art.
John Martenstein, '13, Cartoonist.

MANAGER'S STAFF.

Arthur Copeland, Elmer Alcorn, Edgar Rust, Miss Ethel Buck, Fred Siebenhauer, Mast Wolfsohn, E. Velisaratos, Miss Kelly.

"The Tiger" asks its critics to go easy on the first issue. The new management has, with a few exceptions, inexperienced people representing the departments on the staff. However, after some little time, we have found that a staff composed of new people is more of a blessing than otherwise.

Miss Catherine J. Boyle deserves the greatest of credit for the splendid work she has been doing. The Girls' departments have been under her care throughout the editing of this journal. Miss Otto, Miss Edwards, Miss Boulware and Miss Denny have been of the greatest help to us, for which we offer our sincere thanks.

Alumni Doings

Few of the students now at Lick know much about the Alumni Association of C. S. M. A., and for this reason it would be well to learn just what this organization is doing. One of its greatest benefits is the

Loan Fund.

There are a number of students at Lick who struggle for their daily bread while going to school. The time they lose is the time that should be used in studying their lessons. These strugglers do this extra drudgery for various reasons, the main one being their ambition to get an education. Education means to them a brighter future, higher wages, an interesting work and less drudgery. Is there wonder, then, that they work so hard and under such difficulties to gain their coveted education?

Such boys should be encouraged, for they are the ones that usually mount the ladder of success. The Loan Fund, which is administered by Mr. George A. Merrill, is the means which many of these boys are relying upon. Each year $125 is given to them, paid in ten monthly installments. This money is theirs; they use it and are advanced.

After the boys graduate they go out to get the work for which they have striven so hard. Fellows like these being always successful easily repay the Alumni and the Loan Fund has therefore become perpetual. However, it takes time for the boys to repay the money, and in order to get these funds there will be a

Theater Party.

On Friday, November 17th, 1911, the Alumni will have a theater party in the new Cort Theater. The association gets 30 per cent of the receipts of all tickets which they sell. All those getting tickets are requested not to get them from the box office, but from the school or any officer of the Alumni. By doing this, not only will the seats be in a block, but more of that "30 per cent of the receipts" will find its way into the association coffer.

The play, which is one of the biggest hits of the East, will be "The Paradise of Mohammed." It is a musical comedy and acted by a large company. Something which is usually after a theater party, but in this case comes some little time before, is the

Banquet.

The fasting cure craze is now raging throughout the United States. This is, however, only for those who have the gout or indigestion. In the Alumni few are wealthy enough to afford the gout and the rest are too poor to have indigestion, so on October 7th, 1911, Taits will no doubt be crowded with Lick Alumni, eating good food and telling poor yarns.

After the informal banquet there will be a "come in your old clothes" stunt, at the C. S. M. A. country games, called a

Country Party.

This is on Saturday, October 28th, 1911, and will be a good old informal country affair. There is bound to be fun at this party, because of its style and also from the fact that all members' friends are welcome. Seeing there

will be no charge of admission, the multitude is requested to be careful of breakable furniture. For to get over these country games there will be a small intervention of time, then will come the

Alumni Reunion

On Friday, December 8th, 1911. All the classes from '98 to '11 will meet at the Century Club Hall for the purpose of giving each other the glad hand and to say "Howdye." A program of dancing, cards and refreshments is prepared for the evening.

The Eugene Robert Speyer Lantern

On the 17th of June, 1910, Eugent Robert Speyer was taken from our midst by the hand of Death. The sudden and unexpected taking away of our beloved schoolmate dealt us a sad blow.

Speyer was a different sort of boy than is usually found in a high school, and he had one great ambition—to be an aviator. However, not only had he a hobby for air-craft, but for photography as well. It was during the year 1909, while on a trip snapping pictures in Europe, that he first saw an aeroplane flight. Then it was that his characteristics came forth—he came home to try such things for himself.

At the time of his death Eugene's private purse amounted somewhere in the region of two hundred dollars. Mrs. Speyer, remembering how "Babe" was loved by his schoolmates, decided to use this money in making her boy's memory a lasting one to his school. Together with Mr. Bruno Heymann, who was a close friend of Eugene, she worked several months on a suitable monument. She wanted something that could be used in the cooking department as well as in the science room, in the English class as in the shops, and in the affairs that might come up at any time.

At last Mrs. Speyer found something suitable to all these wants in a convertible Balopticon. It is not a common lantern such as is used in a scenic show, but one that is even capable of flashing upon the screen a fish acquarium while the fish move. All picture-cards, photographs and sketches used in this machine need not necessarily be in film form, but may be thrown directly on the screen from the original. The University of California and our school are the only two schools near here known to have such Balopticons.

It is one of the most suitable memorials ever dedicated to any person. This will be our monument of Eugene Robert Speyer, and will always be looked up to by the California School of Mechanical Arts as one of its most valuable possessions.

God's Acre! Yes, that blessed name imparts
  Comfort to those, who in the grave have sown
The seed, that they had garnered in their hearts
  Their bread of life, alas! no more their own. —Longfellow.

"Oh, I say, Tom! Tom! Come here! I have a little job here for you."

"What do you want me to do, Fred?"

"I have quite a number of exchanges here. Look them over carefully and give me your honest, unprejudiced opinion of each of them. Will you do it?"

"Surely, Fred. I always like to read different papers, enjoy the good cuts and laugh at the funny jokes. Hand me that pile of papers that is under your elbow. By jove! They all appear to be good editions. Look at the 'Acorn' from Alameda! It is original and neatly arranged, with excellent cuts, but I don't think the stories should mingle with the ads. Isn't this a neat cover design on the 'Cogswell,' and also this one on the 'Tamalpais Graduate?' Good editions all right. Hello! Here is the 'Lowell,' also, the 'Wilmerding Life.' They both suit me. The 'Girls High' paper contains good jokes and is well arranged, but a table of contents would help its readers out somewhat. Good set of papers, Fred; all original and neatly arranged. Have you any others?"

"Have I any others? I should say 'Yes.' Take this bunch and see how you like them."

"Hand them over here. Your Uncle Dudley will give his opinion of them in a few words. This 'Far Darter' from St. Helena certainly completes a fine issue, with its simple but artistic cover. The same may be said of the 'Trident,' Santa Cruz High School. Los Gatos has put a good 'Wild Cat' out this year. Look at this neat cut, a wildcat cut on each page. They seem to be running the same department headings as before, and they also forgot to leave a fly-leaf. The 'Engineer' of Oakland lacks originality in its art department, but it is nevertheless a commendable paper. Fresno High usually puts out a good paper, and this edition appears to be up to the standard. A fly-leaf would add to its appearance, also this football player in the cover design looks more like an effigy than a real participant in a game of lively football."

"Here are some more papers, Tom. I'll manage to keep you busy."

"What do you know about it, Fred? Notice these ads in the front of the 'Totem' from Seattle. Bad business, to say the least. It is not quite up to its regular standard, either. Well, well! Here is the 'Oriole' from Campbell, Cal., interesting, but doing the very same thing as the 'Totem' and the 'Crimson and White' of Albany, N. Y., following in the airy path of the 'Oriole' also forgetting to leave a fly-leaf and lacking the all-essential original jokes. Healdsburg High has put out a good 'Ye Sotoyoman' this time, but it lacks several departments. Maybe its editor came from Missouri and has to be shown. His best exchanges will do that for him. If 'The Cricket,' Belmont Military Academy, added an exchange column it would be much

more up to date, and the same criticism may apply to the 'Elm,' San Mateo Union High School. The 'Elm' has a strong literary department, as has the 'Magnet,' Selma Union High School. The many good jokes in 'Just for Fun' are of great assistance to the 'Magnet.' Better cuts would add materially to the 'Oracle,' Bakersfield High School, and the placing of graduates' names at the bottom of the pages instead of under the photos would be of help in an attractive paper."

"Here are a few more papers to be looked over, Tom."

"Are these the last of the exchanges?"

"Yes. Look them over, and as soon as you have finished we will be free for the ball game."

"Ye Bo! I thought that the placing of ads in the front of a paper was a thing of the past, but 'The Item,' Pasadena High School, evidently does not like to see that idea die such a sudden death. 'Madrona,' Palo Alto High School, also has the same point of view as 'The Item.' It also lacks an exchange column. 'The Scribe,' Oakland Polytechnic; 'The Russ,' San Diego High School, and 'The Napanee,' from Napa, are all neat papers. 'The Scribe' has a very neat cover design. If 'The Napanee' mingled some of its jokes with the ads it would be better. The cartoons in 'The Russ' are not up to standard, and a fly-leaf should be had in a commencement issue. These are neat graduate pictures in 'The Ilex' from Woodland High School, but the cuts could be better. The Polytechnic Journal from the California Polytechnic School, San Luis Obispo, has a very poor arrangement or form for its 'Horoscope.' The 'Hitchcock Sentinel,' San Rafael, is the usual newsy paper as of old."

"All those exchanges were commencement issues, Tom, and when the other exchanges come I will give you another job. Now for the ball game."

The Commencement Rally.

The last rally under President House and the 1911 Class was held Friday, June 2, 1911.

As this rally took place after the publication of the commencement issue, and as it has a great deal to do with the affairs of this year because of the installation of officers, we believe it worthy of mention.

The rally was opened by a selection from the orchestra. This was followed by our school song, "Here's to Our Colors."

Mr. Merrill spoke to the student body, and President Barker of the Senior Class presented the remainder of the class money to the school, to be used for drinking fountains.

The managers and captains spoke of their respective teams and about what had been accomplished. Block "L's" and Circle "L's" were awarded the athletes earning them. Gold footballs were awarded to Wetmore, Clark and Hollingberry.

Mr. Tibbets, to the surprise and astonishment of the entire student body, presented the championship football trophy in the name of the Academic Athletic League. The scene following was one worthy of remembrance.

Honor medals were presented to Litchfield and Hills.

Rust was installed as yell leader by Leigh. Slack was installed as manager of the "Tiger" by Black. Bruce was installed as editor of the "Tiger" by Brown. Smith was installed as President of the Student Body by House.

The captains of this year's teams spoke of future prospects.

The orchestra then played its fifth selection, and a rally was closed by a song from the student body.

The First Rally.

Yell Leader Edgar Rust started the first rally of the new term on Wednesday, August 9th, 1911. The first rally was, as usual, well supported, and the yell came out with an excess of vim and snap which promised well for the following year.

On account of the absence of President Smith, who has left school, Miss Hilda Bettoli, as Vice-president of the Student Body, presided. Considering Miss Bettoli's short time for preparation, and the absence of our regular President, the rally was a great success.

President Bettoli called upon Mr. Tibbetts to open the rally with a few words. He spoke of athletics, and emphasized Lick's permanent motto, "A square deal to all," and also that scholarship always came before athletics. His words were highly appreciated by the students.

President Bettoli then called upon the various leaders of student activities.

"Spot" Trainor, as temporary football leader, asked for lots of support because of the great expense expected in equipping a championship rugby team.

Lensen and Cowan, rugby enthusiasts, told the fellows to come out and try out for the team.

Captain "Rusty" Rust of the basketball team asked the fellows to come out for the team when practice started. He spoke especially to the little fellows, posing himself as a model little fellow.

Manager "Dutch" Schlichtmann of the same team declared that the student body would have no kick coming against the team, and therefore demanded support.

Herman Fuchs, representing the manager of the "Tiger," gave the "scrubs" some good advice. He said: "Buy a 'Tiger' subscription; get ads and support the ads; also contribute to the editor."

"Artie" Wynne, '11, told the fellows that he was glad to be back. He tried hard to impart to us some of his love for a good, square fight.

Heintz and Boruck spoke for the Debating Society and asked all to join.

Captain Russ. Rogers of track fame told the little fellows to come out for track practice, because, according to the weight system, their points counted as much as the others.

Mr. Merrill was greeted with much applause. He spoke of upholding the standards of the school and of fighting fair and square when representing the school against an opponent. The handclapping which followed showed that his words had taken root.

Rust ended the rally, leading a big "locomotive."

The Second Rally.

The second rally was held on August 23rd, under Vice-president Hilda Bettoli. The object was for the election of a Student Body President.

At the close of the last year, Smith was elected President of the Student Body. He was installed in office, but he failed to return to Lick. This left the office vacant, and consequently this election. Meanwhile Miss Bettoli presided and conducted all business affairs very creditably.

Fred Worth was elected by the Student Body for the position of President. As affairs of the Student Body have started late, he will have many difficult problems to face. The "Tiger" is with him. Go to it, Fred!

Walter Trepte, football manager, spoke about the rugby coach. Mr. Pettis. Mr. Tibbetts also spoke on football.

The rally was closed by a snappy "Give 'Em the Ax," lead by Rust.

The Orchestra

The orchestra was the first student activity to organize this year. The members are all very enthusiastic and willing to work and learn. A number of classical selections are being practiced besides the dance music. Great things are expected of the orchestra, for the material is all very good. The orchestra will soon be able to play for rallies, entertainments and dances. The orchestra consists of the following: Violins—L. Brunel ((leader), M. Heilfroun (manager), H. Kohlmoos, S. Samuels, W. S. Croewll; flute, E. Schlichtmann; saxaphone, J. Mathieu; cornets, H. S. Cowel and F. Wagner; trombone, H. Rousselot; piano, G. Higgins.

Lick Debating Society

The Lick Debating Society held its first meeting of the new year on Friday, August 25th, 1911. The officers of this Club are: President, Mr. Heintz; vice-president, Miss Boyle; secretary, Miss Lightbody; treasurer, Mr. Hall; chairman of Interclass Committee, Mr. L. Boruck; Interclass Committee—Mr. Lenzen, Mr. Boruck and Mr. Hall.

The committee has arranged the interclass schedule of debates, the final debate between the winner of the Junior-Senior vs. Winner of the Freshman-Sophomore, coming off October 21st, 1911, at 8:30 o'clock, Saturday night. The winning team receives the Lincoln Bust. The teams from each class are:

Freshman—(Section C-D)—Mr. Howard, Mr. Harris, Mr. Miller; alternate, Mr. Dexter. (Section C)—Mr. Sneath, Mr. Stevens, Mr. Unger; alternate, Mr. Wallenstein.

Sophomore—(Section A-C)—Miss Lightbody, Mr. Hardy, Mr. Finn; alternate, Mr. Blade. (Section D-E)—Mr. Trauner, Mr. Hulling, Mr. Waterman; alternate, Mr. Hilback.

Junior—(A. M.)—Mr. Wills, Mr. Ogilvie, Mr. Osgood; alternate, Mr. Weidenthal. (P. M.)—Miss Kelly, Mr. Snook, Mr. Reiter; alternate, Mr. Young.

As yet no Senior team has been selected.

The Debating Society, this year, has formed definite rules and regulations, and also have their regular meetings, which is held on the third Wednesday of every month. This Society needs as much support as the other activities of the school, so the Student Body should help to carry them through a successful year.

Girls' Pastime Club

On Monday, August 28, 1911, the Girls' Pastime Club held its first meeting of the new year, to elect officers and acquaint the new members with the purpose of this club.

The women teachers spoke to the girls, urging them to go out for the different activities. We are fortunate in having the support of these teachers, so it is up to the girls to show what they can do.

Miss H. Von der Mehden was unanimously elected as President; Miss Boyle Secretary, and Miss Simons Yell Leader.

The Interclass Committees of the different activities were appointed as follows:

Basketball—Miss Mathis, '12; Miss Hauerken, '13; Miss Lightbody, '14; Miss Swanstrom, '15.

Tennis—Miss Purser, '12; Miss Fenner, '13; Miss Glover, '14; Miss Lynch, '15.

Swimming and Rowing—Miss Buck, '12; Miss McLaughlin, '13; Miss Marcy, '14; Miss Schaunessy, '15.

A committee was appointed for the Girls' Jinks, which will be held at school Wednesday afternoon, September 13, 1911.

Faculty Changes

Miss Ethel Adele Denny is at the head of the English department. She obtained her degree at the University of California in 1907, and had charge of the English department in Red Bluff High School 1908-1910.

This year a new course has been introduced in the school for the girls. It comprises the planning, furnishing and decorating of homes, together with the historical growth of the house. Miss Coleena M. Stewart has charge of this course. She is a graduate of the New York State Normal and Pratt Institute, 1911, and has taught in Eastern high schools before coming to Lick.

Miss Estelle Wilson, who has taught the last six months at Wilmerding, is now teaching mathematics and general science at Lick. Previous to this she taught in the Porterville High School.

Mr. Will L. Potts, a graduate of Lick, '01, is in the department of science. He was principal of the Redding High School before coming to teach at Lick.

Mr. Max Plumb, in addition to science work, is giving the course in History and Civics.

Miss Alice English, a graduate of Lick, '06, has taken the position of recorder, in place of Mrs. Harry Johnson (nee Miss Hazel Henderson).

The Camera Club

The present year promises to be an active and prosperous one for the Camera Club. The boys' dark room in the shop building has been completed and equipped with all the necessaries of picture making. The girls' dark room in the Academic Building is equally as good and well equipped. With everything that a photographer could desire at hand, a great deal of excellent work is expected. A large number of students took advantage of the suspension of the initiation fee for one month by joining the club, and as a result the membership is larger than it has been for several years. With the aid of the "Speyer Lantern" several interesting and beneficial lectures will be given in the near future. A Social Committee has been appointed, and besides the numerous walks, contests and outings, a number of social affairs are being planned.

California

They're all here! Count 'em!! Twenty-four nice green wriggling Freshies.

'11 is represented by Barker, House, Klein, Paul Wetmore, Fat Rankin, Hirschler (even so!), Berg, Brown, Drew, Thoenges, Lewis, Chilcote, McNair, Meyer, Halbert, Jacobs and Harron. Merv. Carlson and Watkins, whom Lick can lay claim to as much as any one else, are also among the insignificant tripe that is trying to butt in to high society. '10 chalks up "Skinny" Rankin, Dryer, Rea, Sommer and Bruce Barkis.

Of course the oft-repeated and expected 'stunts" have been performed by most of these lumps of humanity at the dictates of the Jolly Sophomores. Merv. Carlson has been caught four times ,and put through his paces, with his pants rolled up, coat on inside out, and hat on a broom-stick. He swears that the next Soph. that looks cock-eyed at him will be killed on the spot. He first attracted notice by being caught by a band of Sophomores while he was measuring the depth of the fatal Chem. pond with the aid of a lath. Fortunately he possesses a good pair of heels, and avoided the necessity of its measurement in another way. He was thereafter a marked man, though, and every one of the Sophs. that saw him that time has taken a fall out of

him when the chance came. Not content with the popularity thus achieved, Merv. enlivened the first Freshman Class meeting by making a goat out of a poor Scrub named Kite who aspired to be Freshie Prex. After Kite was nominated, Merv. got the crowd to hollering for a speech from the gent. When Kite blushingly and modestly (?) responded, Merv. started the crowd to hollering, "Shut up! Sit down!" etc. After that Carlson nominated Kite for every office on the list, until Kite didn't know whether he was a goat, or Merv.'s best friend. Poor Kite!

McNair had gall enough to wear a cap to the first practice football game. Not content with the audacity, he sat down between two Sophs. until pretty near the end of the game, when he spotted me and came up to say "Hello!" He was so proud of his crust that he announced that he expected to be wearing corduroys before the end of the year. Cords. are reserved to Juniors and Seniors—so just for the sake of amusement, we're hoping he tries it.

Hirschler's air of superiority has served him in good stead, and so far has protected him from any indignities. I'm told that he bluffed a bunch of Sophomores into believing that he was a Senior, just by turning up his nose at them and treating their apparent ignorance with the most profound contempt.

"Heine" Berg is the coolest thing I've struck yet. His nickname ought to be "Ice." A bunch of fun-makers caught him, and rolling up his pants, etc.. marched him, together with a few other Freshies, up to the Chem. Pond. While they were marching the other Freshies around the pond and making various high-sounding threats, Berg carefully rolled his pants down, straightened out his coat and strolled away. Next day when they got him again he tried the same stunt, but it was in front of North Hall this time, and he was caught in the act and made to say his prayers and drink half a bottle of milk for his pains.

Carl Meyer played janitor and swept the girls' stairs of North Hall, and I hear that when Sid. Lewis did his stunt in front of Senior Bench that a bucket of water from one of the upper windows somewhat dampened his ardor.

Billiken Ashley worked in the Virginia City mines this summer, and he met Johnny Little up there, who is successfully engaged in mining himself. Billiken came down with his eyes bandaged and spread the report that he'd been blown up in an explosion. Little John warned us not to believe him, and said that it was all due to Bill's insatiable desire to look at the girls up there, who were such bright stars that they affected his eyesight. The truth of the matter turned out to be that they were both romancing, and that Bill got some dust in his eyes while trying to pick a hole out of the ceiling of the shaft in which he was working. Result: Bill got picked, instead of the hole.

"Stew" Wilder, '08, has been elected Treasurer of the Senior Class this term.

Most of the Juniors are back this year—particularly all having put in a summer of good, stiff work. "Bob" Hunt took the European trip along with the University Glee Club. Dick Jones represented his Fraternity at the Eastern conference this year.

Os. Lawton and Fred. Hornick were in charge of the Sophomore Proclamation this year, but as Os. did not expect to be back for some time, the honor and work was shifted onto Fred. The result was decidedly worthy of the man in charge, and was unreservedly declared the best for many a year.

Fritz Lenzen is gradually falling from his position of (dis) grace and has really acknowledged that such things as girls exist, although I don't

think he's quite sure why—yet! Give him time, boys, and he'll come around (so the wise girls say).

Rosenwald had a job caring for the instruments down at the U. C. Summer Camp this year and is now quite a famous man in the E. C. Department.

I met Fred Barkis this summer up in Lodi, which is his home, and had quite a talk with him. He had been helping his dad set up engines around the country. The day I was there he took me out in the orchard and fed me green apricots and talked of "Old Lick." Bruce, as before mentioned, is a Fresh. this year, and in military is the tallest private in the company and stands next to the right guide—who happens to be yours truly. Under the circumstances he behaves admirably.

Wood Young and Taggart were taking a few exes over a college this fall, and expect to be with us eventually.

"Dip" Hammond was working for the Northwestern Pacific, in their draughting department, at last reports—and in justice to him I must state that he isn't married—yet.

Dall Hack is still draughting for the Union Oil. Freeman Smith I hear has been rather unsuccessful in a business deal up north. Irene Frank is now a graduate of the San Francisco Normal and is located in Berkeley. I have been so rushed this term, during these first few weeks, that I haven't had time to hunt her up and find out anything more definite. Everybody hard worked—and everybody ready for more of the same stuff. Best wishes to LICK in football this year, and we think you'll find the new game worth while, when you know something about it.

As "The Tiger" goes to press there is no definite news from Stanford. As yet there is no official report in printed form, and the fellows there are hard to get hold of. Artie Wynne, who is digging up dope for us, has been unable to get the fellows under his pen, but no doubt will have them by next issue.

Shop-Notes

THE HOME.

Miss Stewart is now teaching the Home Course in her temporary classroom, the girls' clubhouse, which affords ample opportunity for Miss Stewart to carry out her ideas regarding the renovating of the building, and this work is almost completed. A room has been fitted up for the basketball girls, with adjoining showers. Miss Stewart has decided upon the color of the walls, but has left the choosing of appropriate draperies to the class. The majority of the girls in the Home Course have selected their own line of work and it is to be hoped will be a great personal benefit to them, in the art of home-making. In brief the course for the first quarter is: the study of the home from the earliest period of civilization up to the present day (embracing a study of the styles of architecture, types of furniture and their arrangement and the period to which they belong), the general color scheme and the drawing of the home plans. This work is so entirely different from any other course in the school that the girls are able to find some phrase of it in which they are particularly interested and specialize along that line. It will not be long before the girls from the "little house on the hill" will be giving practical evidence of their knowledge of the Home Course.

SEWING.

The old sewing room has witnessed the largest Freshmen class for some time. Much praise is due to the Freshmen, who are well underway in their practice books. Occasional mending and work on the boys' aprons affords a splendid opportunity for practical sewing. Misses Butterworth, Dawson, Miguel, Olney, Pugh, Roberts and Street show an excellent attitude toward the work, and their sewing is good.

The Sophomore girls have completed the model waists, and many of the faster workers are now drafting patterns for their winter dresses. The boys' blouses are, of course, the Sophomores' yearly task, and during convenient moments they work upon them. Misses Berg, Oliver, Hellberg and Thomas deserve special mention for the excellent work they have done.

The Juniors are working upon the infants' layette, and although it is somewhat difficult, they are making remarkable progress putting in dainty handwork on the first garments. Misses Hadeler and Hauerken are doing some of the handwork.

The Senior girls are turning out very successful model tailor suits, which show their ability for handling that class of sewing. The Misses Mitchell and Phillips appear among those worthy of mention. The Misses Cahen, Martin and Woodhams are taking a course in advanced millinery and are making rapid progress in this line of work.

COOKING DEPARTMENT.

The cooking girls entered upon their first quarter's work with much interest and confidence. The first few weeks Miss Hyde devoted to explaining to the girls the fundamental principles of cooking.

They are assigned their duties at the beginning of each week, and the girls are conscientiously fulfilling their tasks.

The delicious soups that the girls have learned to make have pleased even the critical taste of the faculty.

The class is comewhat small compared to previous classes, but despite this fact they are doing remarkable work.

Canning of fruits is well under way and many appetizing delicacies are being made and enjoyed by the girls, aside from their practical cooking work.

It will not be long before they will begin the more interesting and advanced work.

The afternoon section is composed of the normal students, who are taking up the advanced cooking, valuable to their future needs.

CHEMISTRY DEPARTMENT.

Mr. Tibbetts has succeeded this term in perfecting his plans regarding the second-year classes. The classes are so arranged that the boys and girls are in separate sections, each following the line of work best adapted to their future needs. The boys are acquiring a knowledge of chemistry which will be of great practical value to them in their shop work, and which is also a good fundamental preparation for the study of advanced chemistry. Mr. Tibbetts' idea in regard to the work that the girls' classes are to take up is proving quite a success, this domestic work being the same that the Sophomore girls started last year. The regular work of the Junior apprentices is advancing very rapidly; they are now taking Qualitive Analysis, using the method of A. A. Noyes of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology of Boston. Many of the graduates of former years have secured desirable positions with reliable firms. Warren Marshall, '08, has entire charge of the laboratory of Miller & Lux; Fred Merkelbach, '09, is employed by N. P. Nason & Co., painting materials; James Johnson is with the Union Oil Co. at Oleium; Henry Alves, '11, is assistant chemist for Arthur Cunningham; Walter Leigh is doing the chemical work for the California Glue Works; Schumacher, '11, is employed by the Sugar Works at South San Francisco. For the time being Alfred Allsworth, '11, is at his home in Washington, and Harold Wales, '10, is a Sophomore at U. C.

Mechanical Drawing.

The Freshmen are drawing the various joints to be constructed in the pattern shop, thus giving them an idea of practical, as well as theoretical, draughting.

The 14's are finishing their second plate of orthographic projections in fine style, while the Juniors are doing good work in their riveted joints and standard screw fastening sheets.

Most of the Senior apprentices—Pyper, Whitmore, Traynor, Wentz and Shaw—are tracing Scotch marine boilers.

Trepte is turning out some plans for reinforced concrete bridges, and Thearle is doing ship drawing. Blote is drawing a fine engine boiler; Schlichtmann a water-tube boiler, and Christensen a gas engine for Walter Moore, '11.

Pattern Shop.

Mr. McLeran has no apprentices to bother him this year, so the "Freshies" receive the benefit of his undivided attention.

There is a great deal of notebook work in the various tools, their parts and uses, so the 15's are acquiring a thorough understanding of the subject of woodworking. This knowledge, together with their work on the joints, is sure to give them an excellent ground-work for pattern-making.

Forage Shop.

The "Sophs" exhibit their calloused palms proudly, for they have finished pounding cold iron, and have also completed their preliminary work. Most of them are on the bending exercises.

Mr. Mathis is kept busy with outside work, for he has only Ryan and Eckew to help him.

Foundry.

The beginners here have had their first molds poured. These are the blocks which are used in the machine shop for first exercises. The boys are now working on larger and more difficult molds. Anderson is the only apprentice in this department.

Machine Shop.

The Juniors' knuckles have healed, and they are working hard. Most of them have completed their drill gauges, while some of the Junior apprentices are well advanced on their hacksaw frames.

Mr. Sunkel finds is hard to keep his Senior apprentices at work, for they are a speedy bunch. Campion and Hohman are working on an automobile crankshaft. Wayman and Hacke are doing odd jobs.

Rugby Foot Ball

As Lick was the last high school in San Francisco to adopt the Rugby style of football, the other schools had the advantage of spring practice, but this has been made up for, by the desire of the squad to learn the game. When Manager Trepte called for candidates over sixty men appeared on field in suits from shop overalls to swimming suits. This number has gradually dwindled down to a first and second team and their substitutes. Ed. Rust has been elected Captain of the first team, while "Dutch" Rhode will lead the second.

After much endeavor Manager Trepte succeeded in securing the services of Mr. Pettis as coach. Mr. Pettis is at the present time an instructor of the Young Men's Christian Association, but intends to enter college next year. He played two years ago on the University of the Pacific team and knows every point of Rugby. By his gentlemanly manners, he has earned the respect of every man on the squad and he can be sure of the friendship of all the fellows he knows. He is not a professional coach, but is teaching the Lick team how to play Rugby merely for our benefit and the uplifting of amateur athletics.

Taking the team as a whole, we have a team which, with more experience, would be undefeatable. The forwards, which are the heaviest men in the squad, have been chosen not only for their weight, but for fastness and quickness. Our back field. which is but slightly lighter than the forwards, is undoubtedly the fastest bunch of backs in San Francisco. Considering the short time the team has been practicing, the fellows know the game very well. If the squad keeps on improving like they have in the past four weeks by the time of the first league game in October, Lick's first Rugby team will know how to play well enough to make a showing that the school might need be proud of.

Within the next week the team will be entirely outfitted with new suits. These suits will consist of gray V-neck jerseys, brown canvass pants, black and gold socks and shoes. Manager Trepte has been authorized to get the very best of material. As the expense to the Student Body will be very heavy, it is up to everybody in the Student Body to go to the game and help pay for the suits. Also boost your team; don't knock. Remember they are working for the good of Lick, and if they don't play well enough to suit you, they are doing the best that is in them for your school.

Manager Trepte has arranged an extensive schedule which includes games with many schools in and around San Francisco. Challenges have

also been received from Bakersfield High and Reno High School. The schedule from September 13th is:

September 13th—Lick vs. Fremont High.
September 16th—Lick vs. Palo Alto High.
September 20th—Lick vs. Berkeley High.
September 23rd—Lick vs. St. Mathew's Military Academy.
September 30th—Lick vs. Belmont School.
October—7th—Lick vs. Lowell (league game).
October 14th—Lick vs. Hitchcock Military Academy.
October 21st—Lick vs. St. Ignatius (league game).
November 25th—Lick vs. Mission (league game).
November 4th—Lick vs. Cogswell (league game).

Besides these games, three have already been played. These were with Lowell, "The Insurrctos" and Oakland Polytechnic. The first two games were defeats to Lick, but the third was a decided victory.

Lowell 8, Lick 0.

Wednesday, August 30th, the Lick team played its first game of Rugby football. Although merely a practice game, which was not advertised, much interest was shown by the students of both schools, as this was the first time that Lick and Lowell had met on the football field since 1907. Quite a crowd of fellows and girls witnessed the game.

Although Lowell's knowledge of Rugby was far superior to that of the Lick team, the Lick team had the spirit that has won so many victories and so held the Lowell team down to two trys—one in the first half, which was not converted, and one in the second half, which was. The Lick forwards were slightly superior to the Lowell pack and succeeded in getting the ball out in nearly every scrum. The back field, however, owing to lack of practice, could not pass the ball with the quickness and accuracy which is necessary for good Rugby. Considering that this was our first game, the team did very well. When Lowell meets Lick in the first league game they will find a much better team against them.

Insurrectos 6, Lick 0.

On September 2nd Lick met its second defeat at the hands of the Insurrectos, a team which is composed principally of old members of the Lowell High School. This game was very spirited and showed a great improvement in the playing of the Lick team since the Lowell game. Again our forwards were superior to their opponents, but the inability of the Lick backs to pass the ball, cleanly, kept the team from scoring. The line-up for these two games was:

Forwards—Front Rank—Snook, Neuhaus, Hacke. Side Rank—Hohman, Eskew, Anderson, Cowan. Rear Rank—Henderson, Conger, Bondshu, H. Hacke.

Backs — Half—Rosenthal, Traynor, McAbee. Five-eighths—Rust, Mertens. Right Center three-quarter—Rogers. Left Center three-quarter —Stallman. Right Wing three-quarter—Montgomery. Left Wing three-quarter—Lenzen. Full Back—Cormack, Nissen, Fuchs.

Lick 8, Oakland Poly 0.

On September 9th Lick had its first taste of victory in Rugby football. As soon as the game started a vast improvement could be seen in the

play of the Lick team. The forwards got the ball in nearly every scrum, while the backs showed that they were fast learning the art of advancing the ball. A tendency to hold the ball and lack of condition were the only reasons Lick did not make a much larger score.

The team started off with a rush and soon had the ball within ten yards of Poly's goal, where Cowan got the ball, passed to Rogers, who passed to Montgomery, and "Monty" went over the goal line for the first try made by Lick against another school in Rugby. The goal which was at a very difficult angle was not converted. No more scores were made up to the middle of the second half, when, after some very good passes by the backs, Captain Rust went over the line for the second try. The goal was converted. The line-up for this game was the one chosen by Coach Pettis as the first team. Owing to sickness Hohman was not in the game. The team was:

Forwards—Front Rank—Snook, Hacke, Neuhaus. Side Rank—Hohman, Cowan, (White). Rear Rank—Henderson, Conger, Bondshu, (Rhode).

Backs—Half Backs—McAbee, (Cormack, Rosenthal). Five-eighths—Stallman. Right Center three-quarters—Rogers. Left Center three-quarters—Captain Rust. Right Wing three-quarters—Montgomery. Left Wing three-quarters—Lenzen, (Mertens). Full Back—Fuchs.

Track

It is most probable that Lick will enter but one track meet this fall. This is the San Francisco Sub-League. As most of last year's team are playing football it will be up to the new men to defend the S. F. S. L. cup, which has never been won by any school but Lick. This cup is a very handsome one, presented by William R. Hearst, and is perpetual.

Basket Ball

As yet no practice has been started, but as soon as football is over, Captain Rust will call for candidates. Rust and Neuhaus are the only veterans in school, so there will be a big chance for new men.

Swimming

With three of last year's team still in school and the return of C. Richardson, things look very promising for a good swimming team this year.

On Wednesday, September 6th, the swimming interclass took place at Lurline Baths. The result was a tie for first place between the Seniors and Juniors, with twenty-two points each, while the Sophomores were third with ten points. The results of the races were:

44 Yards—Iddings, '13, first; Richardson, '13, second; Hulling, '14, third. Time, 27:04.

110 Yards—Iddings, '13, first; Richardson, '13, second; Dewing, '13, third. Time, 1.28.

220 Yards—Benton, '14, first; De Fraf, '14, second; Rhode, '12, third. Time, 3:16 1-5.

440 Yards—Worth, '12, first; Zwerlein, '12, second; Rhode, '12, third. Time, 7:04.

880 Yards—Worth, '12, first; Zwerlein, '12, second; Neuhaus, '12, third. Time, 15:02.

Relay—Juniors, first; Seniors, second; Sophomores, third. Time, 1:2.

Girls' Athletics

Basketball.

Basketball has, as usual, drawn the most girls into its lines. Every class is being well supported by the number of girls trying out their respective teams. The Freshmen girls surely are showing the right spirit in coming out regularly for each practice, and it will cause no surprise if more than one gets a place on the big team. Misses Swanstrom and L. Olney being the most prominent. The Sophomores, too, have shown the true "Lick spirit." Misses A. Thorpe and Holiber are always doing their share of practicing. "Keep up the good work, girls, and you'll make good." As for the Juniors, they still have their old stand-bys in Misses E. Howerkin, E. McLaughlin and R. Kern. "You, too, will, if you haven't as yet, make good" if you keep up your constant good work.

The Seniors are about the luckiest of the four classes; three of the last years big team players have returned and are playing as usual, excellent ball. Misses F. Mathis and V. Woodhams as goal, with M. Mitchell as guard, can hardly be beaten. One of the Seniors who has good prospects is Miss H. Von der Mehden. Her constant appearances at the practices will certainly prove that "practice makes perfect."

The only thing of importance besides the regular practicing was a practice game between 13's and 12's, played on September 6th. The Seniors outplayed the Juniors by the score of 31-11.

Tennis.

Tennis always seems to take a long time before it gets in good swing. Girls, help it along, you'll always be wanting to play when you once know how. You've got the court, and all you need is a little speed behind you and a racket and a ball (the latter you can borrow). Miss H. Purser was elected by the Board of Control as the Manager. She has shown a wonderful lot of skill and certainly has the speed. "A little more practice, Helen, and you are as good as we can find anywhere." Miss Purser has regular practices every week, so show her you are with her by coming out and learn the game and make good.

IN THE COURTROOM.

"I give you my word, the next person who interrupts the proceedings," said the Judge, sternly, "will be expelled from the courtroom and ordered home."

"Hooray!" cried the prisoner.

Then the Judge pondered.

Fuchs had grown up and was now a magistrate. A prisoner was before him on a charge of drunkenness.

"What have you got to say for yourself?" Fuchs asked the man.

"Your Honor, 'man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn.' I'm not as debased as Swift, as profligate as Byron, as dissipated as Poe, as debauched as——"

"That'll do," thundered Fuchs, "ten weeks! And officer, take a list of those names and run 'em in. They're just as bad a lot as is the prisoner!"

The landlord may be square, but he is always round on rent days.

Freshman—"I lost my little dog last week."

Teacher—"Why don't you advertise for him?"

Freshman—"What's the use; he can't read?"

"We keep our cow," explained the hostess, proudly, "so we're sure of our milk."

"Well," interrupted the small son of the guest, setting down his cup, "somebody's stung you with a 'sour cow.'"

IN THE AVIARY.

"What's the matter, dear?" inquired Mrs. Owl, as the other half of the family appeared in the hollow-tree apartments minus half his feathers, "Been fighting?"

"Not I," growled Mr. Owl, in reply; "I got tangled up in a wireless message."

If Brunel is a valuable man, what is Fred Worth?

IN THE SPOTLIGHT.

(Any one having a kick about these please see the Ed., who will bring all cases before Judge Fuchs for adjustment.)

Mr. Boruck, the noted speaker, has just received a wooden medal for being the first man to warm up a modern flat by blowing once, through the keyhole.

Mr. Rogers, the well-known athlete, talks to a very comely miss thruout the entire Free-Hand drawing period.

"King" Worth, high muck-a-muck in the student body circle, thinks he can swim the Gate.

"Rev." Paul Hohman, the rough-neck of the shops, has legs four feet in length.

John Neuhaus, once known as the Man of the Hour, has been studying history of the date of 2000 B. C. Every once in awhile we hear about Kink Hinky Dink of Babylonia, in our Civics class.

Herbert Fuchs, all-round athlete and 1912 class president, has just gotten a pair of glasses that make him look like a college professor.

Miss A. Teacher, whose work consists of giving knowledge to many numbskulls, is reported as going to give a larger number of flunks this quarter than ever before.

T. Shaw, a studious youngster of renown, sat recently in Civics on a thumbtack which is claimed to be three inches long.

Johnny Ryan, the noted Count from Ireland, dreamed one night that he was signed up by John Cort.

If ten dollars was offered for riding a bucking mule and Dutch Rhode, Wood Young?

Senior—"Do you know how to play checkers?"
Scrub—"Sure."
Senior—"Then move."

A NEW NAME.

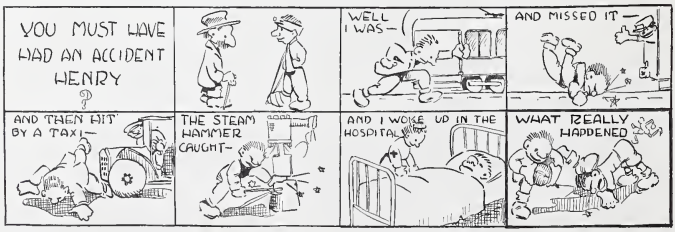
Miss E.—"Mr. Blake, what is the longest line in a right triangle called?"
B.—"The hypotamus."

Pupil—"Why does the head tend to sink when swimming?"
Mr. T.—"The specific gravity of bone is greater than that of flesh; you see there is a great deal of bone in the head."

Here's to the Josh Editor—may he live to be as old as his jokes.

THE SHORT BOYS ARE FAVORITES WHEN IT COMES TO RUGBY.

THE COACH.



Neuhaus—"Ain't it fierce when you bite into an apple and see a worm in it?"
Ryan—"That's nothing; did you ever bite into an apple and see half a

---

IN CHEM.

Mr. T's.—"Could you tell me what a molecule is?"
Bright Boy—"A Freshman."

Student—(Raises his hand)—
Mr. T's.—"Well?"
Student—"Shall we use diluted water?"

"Father," said a boy, "may I go to Lowell?"
"No, my son, your mother wants you to go to school."

Miss Kelly—"Your girls wear their hair in an awful loud fashion."
Miss McLaughlin—"How's that?"
Miss Kelly—"With bangs."

Rogers—"What sweet sounds come from the water tonight."
Miss Gerson—"Yes, the fish are probably running over their scales."

HAW!—HAH!

Shaw (sitting on a tack in Senior History)—"Ouch!"
Mr. Plumb (after outburst of laughter)—"No matter how old that joke is there is always a point to it."

HEARD AT THE RALLY.

Inquisitive Scrub—"How did the full-back hurt his nose?"
Wise Sophomore—"He must have burnt it on a gridiron."

Rust—"I gave my seat to Mr. Dixon in the car last night."
Trayner—"Did he thank you?"
Rust—"No, he didn't have time. He fainted."

Knocker—"Aw, why did you put a story in 'The Tiger' that was written by that guy for?"
Staff Member—"We don't care who the fellow is that writes 'em. Why, we'd even consider one from you."

AT THE RUGBY GAME.

Umpire—"Foul!"
Smart Lowellite—"Where are the feathers?"
Smart Lickitte—"G'wan, this is a pick'd team."

Mr. Potts—"Define a vacuum."
Scrub—"Just a minute; I have it in my head."

Mr. P. was passing out Freshmen physics in huge portions. Suddenly he noticed a long, lanky youth in the rear seat, his head in a recumbent position, his body in a languid pose and his eyes half closed.

"What is work?" Mr. P. woke him up with.

"Everything is work," said the sleepy scrub.

"Then I take it you would like the class to believe that this desk is work?"

"Yes, sir," replied the scrub, wearily, "woodwork."

SCRUB TALK.

Much Traveled Scrub (boastfully)—"I have traveled all over Europe; I've visited London, Paris and Berlin."

Junior (philosophically)—"I suppose you know a great deal about geography?"

M. T. Scrub—"Yes, I've been there, too!"

Cowan went to see a show the other night. The curtain rose on a solitary, meek-looking man who held a coat over his arm and called rather loudly: "Uncle! Uncle!"

"All right," piped out Cowan, "I'm coming in a moment; how much do you want on it?"

TIT FOR TAT.

Conductor on Sixteenth-street Car—"This nickel is worn smooth."

Wise Scrub—"Well, this is an old flat-wheel car."

College Boy (just returning from vacation)—"I met Mr. Brown on the way home, mother."

Mother—"Did that beastly man insult you by asking you to have a drink—when he knew my sentiments on drinking?"

C. B.—"That's just what he did."

M.—"How did you resent it?"

C. B. (meekly)—"I swallowed the insult."

O—O—Oh!

Mr. Smith—"What did your father say when you told him my love was like a broad and gushing river?"

Miss Jones—"He said, 'Dam it.'"

A LITTLE INFORMATION.

Other papers all remind us
  We can make our own sublime,
If our fellow-students send us
  Contributions all the time.
Here a little, there a little,
  Story, school notes, song or jest,
If you want a good school paper
  Each of you must do his best.—Ex.

Miss D.—"Write some very long sentences."
Snook—"Imprisonment for life!"

Mr. Merrill—"In what course do you expect to graduate?"
Slack—"In the course of time."

IN ENGLISH.

Teacher—"What are you doing?"
Worth—"Helping Cowen."
Teacher—"What is Cowen doing?"
Worth—"Nothing."

ADVICE.

Lives of great men all remind us
We should strive to do our best,
And departing leave behind us
Note books that will help the rest.—Ex.

HEARD AT A LECTURE.

Astronomer—"Now canals have been recently discovered on Mars."
New Orleans Man (absent-mindedly)—"I wonder which town is going to get the celebration?"

Mr. Plumb (explaining the use of the balances)—"Shot is generally used to correct the balances, but, however, if fillings are used then it is only half-shot."

Some time ago the management of a certain city office was changed. The new boss, stepping in on his first morning, was confronted by a very comely stenographer.

"I suppose the day's work will start as usual," she said.
"Why certainly."
"All right," she answered; "kiss me and let me go to work."

NOT IN SEASON.

Miss D.—"Everybody hand in a joke for 'The Tiger.'"
Worth—"Can we hand in Dafydills?"
Miss D.—"No, they are not in season yet."

IN GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

Teacher—"Johnny, can you give an example of a double negative?"
Johnny (after deep meditation)—"I don't know none."

Father—"Where have you been, James?"
James—"Fishin'."
Father—"Come in the woodshed and we'll have a whalin' expedition."

Jones—"Was Brown a popular man?"
Smith—"Popular! Huh! The only mourner at his funeral was the insurance company."

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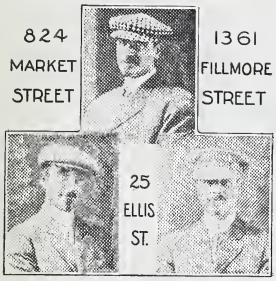

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(Written especially for "The Tiger" by Convict No. 1912, alias "Fat" Austin)

Shot No. 1—

Willy, "the green-eyed collar-button," was peeved. "This working business has got my goat. Why can't I take champagne baths and be waited on by chorus girls? I was a green pea to learn the tailor's trade. I might have known that I would see nothing but the the seamy side of life at that job. Never again will I slave for the idle rich. These rich blokes that own herds of autos got their swag from widows and orphans. I'll do ditto this

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very night. Ha, ha! I have it! I'll rob a 5, 10 and 15-cent store. Ain't I the Chauncey?"

Preambulating down Mill street, our hero to the subway (some people think it is a salt water fire system) and got off at Petas. He crossed the street in a taxi in order to foil the sleuths that he knew were already on his trail. With his trust ticket punch (borrowed from a street-car conductor) he smashed the front door of the treasure house, and doubling the watchman up helpless with laughter by saying one of his extemporaneous daffydills, he swept through the store like an octopus raiding a candy store.

In 2 minutes 34 2-5 seconds all was over. The 5, 10 and 15-cent store was stripped of its priceless treasures. Our brave and daring matinee idol

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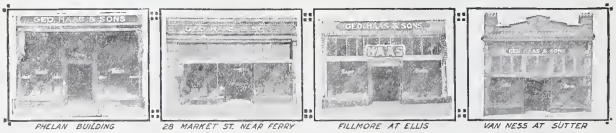

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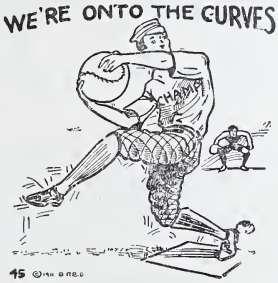

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was 13.3 blocks away hiding under a front porch.

Ah! What treasures he had! Three magnificent petrified French prunes. These could be cut by a lapidary and sold for six or at least six and a quarter cents a ton. Two bottles of peanut butter. This makes excellent glue, and glue is indispensible to the expert cracksman. Three celluloid collars, which if they were the kind that burn would make a magnificent Fourth of July celebration. Half a box of soda fountaain straws, which could easily be sold to some simple-minded contractor as sewer pipe. One sheet of popular music entitled, "Not Because Your Eyes Are Curly." And many other valuables too sacred to mention which would make him a rich man compared with one John D. even by our poor standards.

"Now for the devilish night life," he hissed through his handsome almors. "Here's where I grab a dame and make the world my Coney

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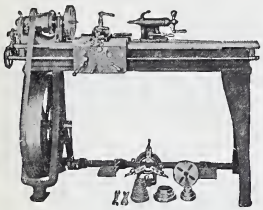

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A party of tourists were viewing Vesuvius, when an American remarked that it reminded him of the Inferno. A little old English lady that was present was heard to say: "My, how these Americans do travel."—Ex.

Professor—"What are the beauties of education?"
Pupil—"The girl students."

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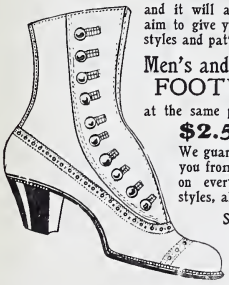

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"There she blows!" and turning round there stood our beautiful heroine, Milly Makemutts.

Grabbing her by the wishbone he escorted her into Saase's notorious liquid emporium and ordered a drink that he had thirsted for all his life—an oyster oxtail. While the waiterine was concocting the concoction, Willy seized the opportunity and Molly at the same time and proposed to her. Putting a magnificent necklace of doughnuts encrusted with gems of crystal sugar around her neck, he said in accents wild but calm, "Molly be mine."

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Just then the waiterine blew up, and Willy blew up, too, when he saw that the foxtail was nothing but an oyster taking a bath in a glass of catsup.

Here comes the grand finale of this wonderful grand opera. The milk-maids come prancing in on stilts and the rest of the chorus girls and chorus men come on in their street clothes, because it is time to go home. They don't want to wait for the applause.

A quartet composed of our Hero and Heroes sing that old but worn-out ballad, "They All Look Good When They's Far Away."

Curtains! Good-night.

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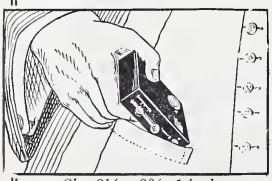

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"Waiter!" called a diner at a local club, "come at once; here's a hook and eye in this salad!"

"Yessah, yessah," replied the waiter, grinningly, "dat's a paht of de dressin', sah!"

"Brown has gone to Europe for his health."

"How did he lose his health?"

"Earning money to go to Europe."

First Pupil—"Why is that string around your finger?"

Second Pupil—"Teacher told me to put it there so I wouldn't forget to study my lesson."

First Pupil—"Well, did you do it?"

Second Pupil—"No; she forgot to give me one."

Dub—"I flunked in German today."

Stub—"How's that?"

Dub—"The fool professor asked me to decline beer, and I couldn't."—Ex.

Teacher—"Have you ever been through Algebra?"

Student—"Yes, but it was in the night, and I didn't see much of the place."

Professor—"Jones, will you differentiate between the words discover and invent?"

Jones—"Well—er, Peary discovered the pole and Cook invented it."

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